

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rûmî

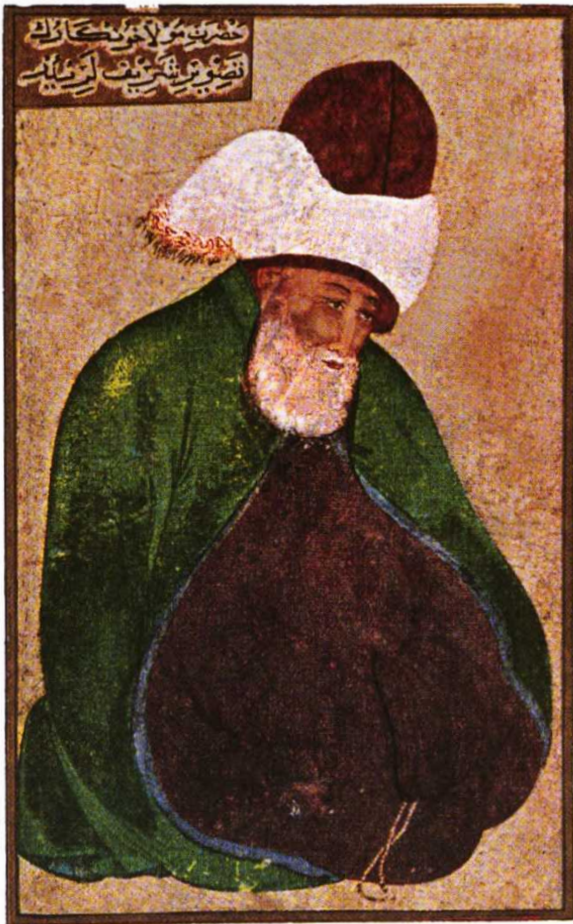
Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 17

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Volume 17



Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

archegos



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Dîvân-i Kebîr

Volume 17

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf



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Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Turkish Republic Ministry of Culture

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Introduction

Humanity is currently stepping on the two-thousand-year mark, bringing with it thousands of years of suffering. After all these years, humans long for peace, love and tolerance. Yet, wars and conflicts still continue in various parts all over the world.

While searching to solve the mysteries of space, human beings are unable to understand the secrets of peace and happiness. Man never learns his lessons of the past and because of this, he repeats the same mistakes.

Humanity needs to open a new chapter in this new millennium, no longer carrying its animosities, ugliness, and evils to the lives of our children and grandchildren.

For seven hundred years, Mevlana, a great Turkish thinker and Sultan of Heart, has been calling humanity constantly to love, friendship, and peace. He teaches us that the primary requisite for tolerance is to see people as human beings and not notice their race, religion or sect. The essence of Mevlana's philosophy is based on this kind of human love.

Reading Mevlana will help reawaken the feelings of love and tolerance within each of us. An aspiration for a world filled with peace, brotherhood, and friendship in our hearts will be more attainable with Mevlana's love.

M. Istemihan Talay
Minister of Culture
Republic of Turkey

Acknowledgments

My thanks go out to
the Turkish Ministry of Culture
for their continuing support.

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Translator's Note

Many years have passed since the publication of the Divan's first volume. Naturally, when an insignificant person tackles such a monumental work, he can't know how long the project will take.

I didn't even know whether or not we would get this far. But we have, thanks to Mrs. Peart and Mr. Kalay (God bless their souls) and Alex and the Turkish Ministry of Culture. I know their support will be appreciated for generations.

Certainly, my life has changed. After a few years overseas I am back in the United States as a retired physician and a full-time servant of Mevlana.

The meter that we start in this volume, Meter 15, is probably the longest meter of the Divan. It has 292 poems. It will be covered in three volumes.

Nevit O. Ergin



Leather binding of *Dîvân-i Kebîr* (c.1368)
registered at the Mevlânâ Museum in Konya.

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Volume 17
Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Mefâilün Mefâilün Feülün

1.

Verse 1

A beauty who gives peace and comfort to heart
Has been hidden because of light.
We are alone now. Come out.

Save me from drowning, from the sea of blood.
Save my pale face from becoming more yellow.

My tears have turned into a sea in front of me.
Why don't you come to see the shore of that sea?

You have seen your face in the mirror.
There is no better sight than this.

I made a mistake.
You cannot fit in the mirror.
Your light would annihilate everything.

The mirror is saved to be polished.
It became clean and pure because of your face.

You are hidden like the mind,
But everything comes from you.
All the destruction and construction around
Are caused by you.

Whoever becomes your neighbor
Sees the sky of Ulker,¹ looks very low.

What happens to the body separated from soul?
What excuse
Could the one separated from you have?

The one who is separated from sweet soul
Doesn't see any friendship
From close-hearted friends.

You are better than morning for every-day people.
For the weak and tired, you are better than evening.

I have been saved from everything
Since I saw You in my soul.
I don't search back and forth like the lost ones.

You spread such a fire of love in this world,
That the whole universe became a halva cauldron.

The Moon and sun get their beauty from You.
Aries finds its essence in You.
So does Gemini.

Night is the cure and rest for people,
Because Your love offers love
And darkens the evening.

You adorned morning with Your beauty,
So it turned into a candle,
And humans became a moth to it.

But, the night of the moth who sees Your face
Is brighter than daylight.

He throws himself at Your candle fearlessly.
Day and night he turns around it.

I cannot tell more than that.
I have said that much.
You tell the rest of it.

O Shems of Tebriz, you say the rest of it.
The Phoenix describes Kafdag better than anybody.



2.

Verse 21

Tell, O star, tell the Beloved,
So He will find our bleeding heart.

Tell that doctor of love,
So he will offer sherbet to our patient.

Tell that sugar merchant,
So he will sweeten our bazaar.

If he hides his heart,
The enemy doesn't hear our secrets.

I have fallen into the desire of the enemy in love,
Because the enemy doesn't ask
What kind of business I have.

Our enemy doesn't have soul,
But you burn to ashes the soul
Of the one who becomes an enemy to us.

If you wet your hair to wash it with clay,
Come here before you wash.
First open our rose garden, then wash.

O bright Shems of Tebriz,
Come brighten our face with yours.



3.

Verse 29

Come, O One who gives new life to the world,
Stop the work of this smart mind.

I am like an arrow.
I won't fly unless you throw.
Come and set your bow once more.

With your love, the cup has fallen once
From your roof.²
Send the ladder from the roof again.

They are asking me, "Where is His roof?"
It is at the side from where the soul comes."

"Where the soul goes every night,
They bring back in the morning."
It is there.

From where does spring come to the earth?
Where morning gives new light to the sky,
It is there.

Where a staff becomes a dragon
And leads the people who followed Pharaoh to hell,
That is the side.

This desire to search comes from inside you.
Trace looks for trace for that trouble.

You resemble the type of man who rides a donkey
And asks everyone
The where-abouts of the donkey.

Be silent.

Because of jealousy, he doesn't allow everybody
To dive into that sea.



4.

Verse 39

We would put fire in craziness and insanity.
We would drink a wave of blood with every breath.

We are the drunk who drinks hell.
We penetrate and split the green dome.

The infinite light has no use ³
For those upside down lamps and the sky.

We should cut the hands of sorrow's robber
Because he stole reason,
Which has been defeated hundreds of times.

We should put the smart mind to sleep
By pouring clean, supreme wine.

When he gets drunk, we should beat him,
Because he becomes too deceitful and bewitching.

Although he is smarter than everybody,
How could he know the tricks of time?

We will make him so drunk
That when he is sober,
He won't know where he came from.

Inside of heart's house he will see
The pole of this world which stands on no pole.

Even such a sage, an attained *Pir*,
Was annihilated in order
To be an example to new ones.

Now he has acquired all the knowledge
Of the inner world
Because he died with love.
Now he becomes wise.

Dizziness comes from the head.
Otherwise the world, which never stops and rests,
Would also stop and rest.

The body has a head that doesn't understand
The secret of the order of *be*.⁵
Only the headless body knows *kaf* and *nun*.

O brother, even for just a trial,
Turn your head this way for one moment.

Even for one moment,
For the sake of the sultan,
Subjugate this wild horse, such a donkey.

It may appear to you like hell,
But He knows and understands this world.
Be annihilated.
Don't try to be exalted.

Submerge into God's attributes so deeply
That you will never be able to get out
And never see this outside world.

What pleasure are you looking for
In this dark, dirty water?
Why do you smell the flower
Which has grown on sewage?

I can't tell, because I am afraid
That every immature, banal person might hear.
That's why I keep silent.

O Shems of Tebriz, show your maturity,
So neither *kaf* nor *nun* will remain whole.



5.

Verse 59

What is night?

What is day for us as long as He is our heart?
He is the One who burns our heart.

It doesn't matter if the sun rises or sets.
Our beauty, who enlightens and adds
Soul to our soul is enough for us.

Don't teach wailing and crying
To the one whose mother has died,
Our master, who taught us love is the best.

Don't sew, tear or destroy our mantle.
The sheik who sews the mantle is not good for us.

Everybody wants to be on top of the enemy.
Yet, the enemy's beautiful face is our superiority.

Everybody searches a fortune to find treasure.
Love, which adds trouble to troubles,
Is enough for us.



6.

Verse 65

I have a desire for halva.
Don't postpone your promise of halva for tomorrow.

My heart, my soul are attached to that halva,
Which gives peace and enjoyment to the Sufi.

What a nice, warm, sweet halva.
Its smell comes from the top with every breath.

Eat the halva by heart, without touching
Your hand to your mouth
Like a fig whose mouth is closed.

This halva is from the halva from that side.
O handless, mouthless one, eat from that side.

We would eat the same cup with Mustafa. ⁶
We eat dates and drink milk from the same cup.

From the same date, the words came to Mary,
"Eat, drink and be merry."

Our evidence is that sound that comes,
Saying, "We are the son of universal intelligence."

That voice continues to say,
"Come on O boys, come.
The table is ready, and the Beloved is alone."



7.

Verse 74

○ master of beauty,
Make the one who follows you smile.

The shadow of sorrow's army is casting.
Give the upper hand to the flag bearer, cheer him.

Give joy to joy with your beauty.
Give sorrow and grief to sorrow and grief.

Cheer favor and kindness with your beauty.
Your beauty gives hundreds of souls
To kindness and favor.

Turn my affair with the silver-bodied to gold.
Turn my gold-colored face to ruby.

O heart, since you want lots of love,
Give up thoughts of less and more.

Put your head on the ground
In front of Shems of Tebriz,
Because it is faith to prostrate to that idol.



8.

Verse 81

Since you have reached the sign of the heart,
Stop here now.
Since you have seen that Moon,
Stop here now.

You carried your *ids* and *bids* from here to there
Because of ignorance.
Stop here now.

Your life is over.
You have heard all kinds of words
About that Moon's beauty.
Stop here now.

You carried your *ids* and *bids* from here to there
Because of ignorance.
Stop here now.

See that Beauty.
When you see Him, you appear.
Even your trace disappears.
Stop here now.

I took an oath on your heart.
There is milk in those breasts.
Since you taste His milk,
Stop here now.



9.

Verse 87

⓪ Solomon, bring the ring.
Get the fair and giant under your command.

Yell, ask to have them come to you.
Illuminate this six-door palace.⁷

It is not difficult for the hearts which belong
On that side to raise the sun from the West.⁸

It is such greatness that,
For God's sake, everybody will give up theirs.

Put cups as big as pools⁹ on the table.
Meet the desire of the customer with offers.

Give pleasure to the head with that big glass.
Make half-closed narcissus eyes with delight.

Lift the curtain in front of secret forms.
Lower the benefit of Azer¹⁰
Who makes idols.

We became sick from the well water.
Run the water of Kevser for us.

O heart, go to the assembly
Of the Sultan of sultans and drink red wine.

Don't worship gold and women fool heartily.
Attack those two girls who don't believe in God.

Get involved in a big fight with self.
The Sultan gives rewards to the brave for that.

See that silver-bodied one?
When gold sees him, he becomes confused.
He can't act like gold.

Recognize this sea-hearted one
That causes pearl to become pearl
Because of his exaltation, his overflow.

If you tell the rest of the gazel,
Even the spell of Samiri¹¹ would be envious.

I become silent.
My feet got stuck in the mud.
You'd better open
The wing of words that belong to Cafer.¹²



10.

Verse 102

At the day of separation one of my eyes cried.
The other was stinging with its tears.

I found that eye guilty.
I punished it by closing it at the day of Union.

Am I the man who punishes?
Get up, O beloved. Offer that cup full of wine.

They hurt me every moment,
But I don't hurt anyone,
Because all souls become one.

These bodies have worn furs inside-out for us
To be concealed, but,

Even if you wear it reversed,
I recognize you inside of the fur.
You are my soul inside of the fur, O my soul.

I will tear the fur.
You do the same.
Why should we fight for it?

We are the same soul in different bodies.
We could be young, old, large or small.

Just like lights from the fire,
Their source and essence are all the same.

Their nature, their colors are the same.
Their heads are nothing but their feet.

There is proof in my heart
About the things I have said.
Should I tell you secretly or covered?

I said it wrong.
You tell them all yourself.
Look and see first,
This view is layer upon layer.



11.

Verse 114

O greatest of the great,
You break our harp.
There are a thousand more harps here.

Once we fall in love's harp,
There is no trouble finding the harp, shrill pipe.

Even if all the harps and rebabs
Were burned out in this world,
There are so many secret harps for us.

The ears of the deaf don't hear them,
But their melodies have reached the sky.

What's the worry if the light,
The candle of the earth, is extinguished?
We have iron and stone.

All the melodies, ids, and bids are above the sea.
Pearls don't come to the surface.

But, because of the pearl,
All the ids and bids look beautiful
The reflection of reflection of his lightning
Is the one that reflects on us.

These melodies are the displays
Of essential exaltations.
Essence and display are two different things.

Close your mouth.
Open the window of heart.
Talk with souls in this way.



12.

Verse 123¹³

My life is the one
That has desired migration, not theirs.
They didn't load their bales on the camel.
They did it to my good patient.

To wear pretty dresses is not to be adorned,
But to protect their beauty.
How could beauty be protected by a dress?

The patient who doesn't have good taste
Doesn't enjoy pure, clear water.

Have your heart and soul taste this deity.
When wine is purified its sediment rises to the top.

If you want to drink this pure, clean wine,
Don't smear your lips with every bad wine.

The fearless, agile, alert person
Doesn't fall in this black torrent.
He stays clean.

The merchant's hand trembles
When he counts money.
But he is the one who knows the value of a garment.

You are a piece of sugar. Go to water.
The thing that is filtrated becomes sweeter.



13.

Verse 131

We sacrificed life for you,
Suffered wounds in our tongue.

We have faced condemnations like fire,
Become target to arrows that penetrated our lungs.

If we take our heart, bring your temple,
You give gifts full of blood.

If the enemy told you bad things about me,
O my moonfaced one,
What else could the enemy say, anyway?

Come, O sun of all beauties.
That mine of ruby smiles only with your favor.

All our profits are losses without you.
When you come, our losses turn into profit.

For anyone who doubts about your sugar,
That doubt becomes deadly poison for him.



14.

Verse 138 ¹⁴

Have your heart and soul
Taste this diety.
When wine is purified,
Sediment rises to the top.

If you want to drink pure, clear water,
Don't smear your lips
With every sedimented wine.

The fearless, agile, alert person
Doesn't fall in this dirty river.
He stays clean.

The fragmented mind cannot
Get out of this bond.
Universal mind won't be a nanny
For those small things.

It doesn't matter if this greed
Is scabby or thorny.
Don't touch it.

If the scab becomes chronic or worse,
Put on the salve of God's remembrance.

If you want to have this door opened,
Keep walking toward the door.

Give up boasting. Be bashful
About trying to take the head of the table.
Look for greatness in the soul.

A bald head doesn't deserve
The crown of Solomon,
The hat of greatness.

I will keep silent.
A brief word is better.
Noise doesn't fit this moment.

Just as the poet said,
"My life desires migration, not them."
This is nazire¹⁵ for that.



15.

Verse 149

When we see your face,
It becomes bairam for us.
Come, O bairam. Bring us a bairam.

You are the soul of bairam.
Because of you, O beloved,
There are thousands of bairams in our heart.

We have settled down in the land of absence.
Daily worries don't bother us.

We became a stranger to ourselves.
How can we be concerned about strangers?

All satin garments and romantic poems are for you.
That Beloved's image of a beautiful face is for us.

The book of deceit and tricks is for you.
Reproach and reprimand
Of the charming beauty are for us.

There are two bairams for you every year.
For us, there are hundreds
Of bairams with every breath.

You would have much gold and silver.
We would have the beauty of the creator,
Who cures troubles.

You would have many Arabian horses.
The Burak of Ahmed-i Muhtar,¹⁶
That's enough for us.

If the world is filled with joys, bairams,
It is good for you.
As long as the Beloved is ours,
That is enough for us.

Since you decided to stay silent,
Your love must be increased.
Now our world has become shorter.

Come, O greatest of bairam,
Come, O Shems of Tebriz,
Don't leave us with a stranger.



16.

Verse 161 ¹⁷

Come, let's be drunk with the glasses
That make us crazy and out of ourselves.

Our God has given us a full glass.
I thank God for that.
Again, I thank God, I thank God.

Come. Today is a real bairam day.
Your desired Beloved appeared openly.

When the darkness of night falls,
Events come to visit us,
But they don't stay, they don't bother us.

Every one of them carries
A sea of favors in the hand
And scatters pearls and jewels.



17.

Verse 166

Friend who is our host,
Don't sleep tonight, because you are soul.
We are the sick ones tonight.

Get the sleep out of the eye of secrets.
Secrets will come into the open tonight.

If you are Jupiter, turn around the Moon.
Turn tonight around this whirling sky.

Catch Nesr-i tair¹⁸ tonight in the sky,
Like the soul of Ca'fer-i Tayyar.¹⁹

God gave you a polish to polish
The rest of the dome of this sky tonight
Because of separation.

Thank god that people fall asleep.
I have a lot to do with the Creator tonight.

What an honor. What good luck it is that God
And ourselves are the only ones awake tonight.

I will become disgusted with my eyes
If they fall asleep and close before early dawn.

If the shops in the bazaar become empty,
Watch the transactions in the bazaars
Of the Milky Way tonight.

Our nights are the days of stars.
They are shining
From the brilliance of your face tonight.

Leo the lion attracts Taurus,
Mercury wears its turban tonight,

Saturn sows the seeds of instigation.
Jupiter scatters money tonight.

I keep silent, close my mouth,
But I am talking without words tonight.



18.

Verse 179

Water has dried up in the creek of earth.
O spring, run the water,
So the millstone will turn in that mill.

Send the water from that source
So that Hizir nor Ilyas²⁰
Has ever seen the kind of water.

What a nice spring that is
When its water would overflow
From the source of soul every moment.

When water runs, crops will grow.
But this soul doesn't come
From either sowing or water.

O guest, don't spill your honor like water
On the ground for bread
Because of poverty like the poor ones.

All this world is nothing but half a morsel.
Water has been hidden for this half-morsel.

Earth and sky are like bucket and pitcher,
But water is beyond the earth and sky.

You also get out quickly from earth and sky
So you can see the water of the land of absence.

The fish of your soul will be freed from this pool,
Then drink water in the sea
Which has no beginning and no end.

You dive into such a sea
That fish there become Hizir.
Fish and water are both immortal.

Light comes to the eye from that face.
The water from that gutter is from that roof.

These rose cheeks are from that garden.
Water comes to the rose garden
From that water wheel.

The dates that Mary eat come from that date tree.
That water is from the source of that container.

When water comes to you, running,
Your heart and soul will rejoice.

Don't hit your cane on the ground like a watchman,
Because water is the one who watches those fish.



19.

Verse 194

○ my beauty,
Your face is worth a hundred moons,
Hundreds of beams of moonlight.
Don't rush, saying, "It is too late, night has come."

O Kaaba of Soul,
I have a pulpit made by the sun
In every Mosque because of You.

I made a mistake.
The sun could only be the doorkeeper
Outside of the door of our temple.

We don't look for bread from those seven mills.
We don't drunk water from this green water mill.

He is the One who created all earthly causes.
How could there be any cause against Him?

We have fallen into a thousand wells
With drunkenness,
His love pulls us up like a hook.

The assembly of soul is so bright with you.
His is the brightness in the eyes of a friend.
What a soul! What a light to them!

The garden of heart smiles
Because of that stately cypress.
Our blood boils because of the Unnap's²¹ branch.

You are the cheerfulness among all pleasure and joy.
You are the key.
God is the One who opens the door.

Because of the fuel of your fiery love spray,
Earth and sky tremble like Mercury.

Be silent.
Finish now, O heart.
As you see, that beauty is beyond description.



20.

Verse 205

Heart is a broken water mill in this river.
Wherever it turns, there is water.

When you turn your face to water,
You see that water runs away
In front of your eyes.

How could a shadow free its life from the sun?
Its life is in the hands of the sun.

If a shadow elongates its neck,
You can be sure that the sun is behind the curtain.

What kind of sun is this sun,
That the sun in the sky
Trembles like Mercury in front of him?

The Moon is like mercury
In the hands of a paralyzed man.
It can only stay there one evening.
After that, it will fall down.

Only two out of thirty nights
Will the Moon meet with the sun.
The rest of the evenings it lounges.
Yet, separation is nothing but torment.

He cries, but his face is young and fresh.
In fact, lots of smiles are given to lovers.

He smiled when he was born.
He will smile when he dies,
Because he is going to the place of smiling fate.

Be silent, because troubles of observation
Come from questions and answers.



21.

Verse 215

I swear by your soul: Look, this is a big oath.
I swear by your soul that my soul
Is held with a big tie when I am without you.

Although Hizir is master of Ab-i Hayat,²²
Even he desires your ruby lips.

I have a lot to say from you to you,
But my silence is the biggest bond for me.

The one who keeps silent because of fear of you
Is smart even if he is a donkey.

The one who gives up his talent for you
Is certainly the most talented person.

I throw myself in front of you like a shadow.
It is a big drop to fall in front of you.

Because there is big justice
And mercy in your Baghdad,
There is the sweetest sugar in your Semerkant.

Your gift of sugar made me so greedy
That I thought, "This slave is very contented,
But still feels a hope."

You made me forget my close friends,
As well as the one from whom I am apart.
Because my heart is strongly tied to yours.

Be silent, O son of love.
Even the word is a big son,
But you keep silent like love.

I grabbed the stirrup of Shems of Tebriz,
Because Shems' stirrup is a bit of gold country.



22.

Verse 226

How is that peerless charmer who scatters sugar?
How is the light of the eyes and face?

I wonder, how are those sneaky eyes?
How is that deceitful hair?

How is that charmer of beauty's bazaar?
What shape is the brightness of that rose garden?

My heart has been submerged
In grief because of love.
I wonder if the beloved
Has any affection for us in his heart?

He kindly called me *my beloved*.
I wonder how that beloved is
Without this beloved?

In appearance, he comforts
And compliments his slaves.
But I wonder how he feels about this slave?

He offered me soul on first sight.
That made me understand his charity right away.

If he made this favor twice,
I would understand his manner of repetition.

How does his satin-dressed black hair
Fall around his satin-like cheeks?

Ask once more of the doctor of love,
“How are those ill, narcissus eyes?”

I wonder how that Tatar’s nafe²³ is?
I wonder how that peerless Bulgar’s beauty is?

I wonder where that beauty is
Who broke hundreds of compasses at the circle
In order to reach the truth?

I kept crying on the tune of the zir.²⁴
He didn’t ask even one day,
“How is that crying one?”

My heart is looking at him stealthily.
Yet, he is stealing me at the same time.
I wonder how that thief,
Who corners the other thief, is doing?

O friend, I am your cave’s friend.
Just once, stick out your head and see,
“How is this cave?”

I give my life after seeing you
And show the people how observation is.

There is no end to my words.
All I wanted to demonstrate was how to talk.



23.

Verse 243

It is not right to separate from your companion.
It is not nice to start the journey without light.

It is not appropriate to act poor and frugal
After being sultan and seeing sovereignty.

The beloved is calling you, without you.
It is not good for you
To fall in this selfishness again.

Since the table of the sky came to earth,
You don't have to cry in want.

It is not proper to steal bread like a thief
At the kitchen where souls are sacrificed.

Tell this brigand of greed and ambition
That it is not good to try and steal
And appear to be ugly.

Since you have hands and feet, move them.
It is not good to act handless and footless.

When you lose your feet,
They give you wings.
It is not possible to fly without wings.

If you find wings, fly toward God's trap,
Because it is not nice to be free from His trap.

O brother, you are the phoenix of Kafdag's presence.
Nothing else is fit for the phoenix
But to be a phoenix.

The world is a clean river, a sea.
You are like a fish.
But it is not for you to swim in that river.

Be silent.
Plunge into God's sea.
Be annihilated.
It is not proper to become God's peer with existence.



24.

Verse 255

You are the most beautiful.
No world could describe your beauty.
I am a lover.
My trouble, my sickness is love.

It is haram²⁵ to fall in love
Other than with your beautiful face.

Everything is temporary,
But the table of your union
Is permanent, permanent, permanent.

I rub my eyes and look:
Who else is there? Who else, who else?

You hold the world like a cover on your face,
Only a cover.

There is a greeting that comes to us
From love's language, a greeting, greeting.

News is coming without mouth and lips
From every particle.
News is coming. News is coming.

Our cheers, our sorrows are slaves
In front of your throne.
Slaves. Slaves.

The camel of grief has the itch.
But it is in the front, front, front.

The camel of joy is behind that.
Even its breasts are filled with milk.
It is behind, behind, behind.

Your halter is attached to the noses of both camels,
Your halter, Your halter.

The milk of joy's camel is not milk
That is weaned from soul's baby.
It doesn't cease, doesn't cease.

I keep silent.
Jealousy has put a bit in my mouth,
A bit in my mouth.



25.

Verse 268

Since that source of kindness became our prey,
There are ten thousands of gifts for us
In every moment.

Our intention is to climb
To the roof of the beloved.
For that reason,
Our ladder is made of gold and silver.

Trouble is a secret pearl in the world.
It is a treasure for us,
But for a stranger, it appears like a snake.

Don't start counting your silver treasure
In front of us.
Our gold is innumerable; so is our silver.

Even if it is stupid for the vizir
To get involved with this case,
The sultan has hundreds of examples of that.



26.

Verse 273

Beloved, my business, my occupation
Until the day of resurrection
Is to be ruined, to be drunk.

I gave up earning profit; that's my gain.
O face, wither and become pale, forged gold;
That's your profit and earnings.

Neither mind nor intelligence and heart are left.
What can be done?
That's what that face could do for us.

When Sadberk's rose²⁶ saw your face,
It said to the nightingale,
"This is the rose, this is the rose garden."

Beauties search for the birds of absence.
You also come to the land of absence.
Here is the bird which flies.

Look at this face again and again.
Rub your eyes.
This is the school of soul
As well as the lesson which he reads repeatedly.

He opens his lips.
All the souls say,
"This is the remedy for every patient."

They drink a glass from the hand of love.
They understand very well
That it is the real cupbearer.

They pawn the turban and robe for wine.
In fact, that is what the turban and robe are for.

The news came that
Joseph was for sale in the bazaar.
If this is a bazaar, where is Joseph?

He casts a spell, then hides himself.
That is the dirtiest trick of that cheater.

I have answers for everybody's problems.
But this one is my religion,
At the same time, my heart and the thing
To which I cannot find any answer.

If I wore a belt in someone's temple,
I would become a Christian.
That's my zunnar.²⁷

I kept turning around the pool,
Then I fell in the pool.
That is the punishment of turning around like that.

O heart, since you have fallen into such a pool,
This is you gusul,²⁸ like resurrection.

Even the soul of the king is checkmated by this.
Since you have stolen that heart,
This is your gallows for the heart.

Be with anybody
As long as you don't hang around with yourself.
Cease from being with yourself.
He is a real stranger.

Be silent, O hodja.
Don't repeat last year's messages.
My heart is like last year.
Those are last year's words.

Be silent.
Plunge upside-down in thought.
Don't look for secrets.
Those are the secrets.



27.

Verse 292

Come. Today is the day of bairam for us.
From now on, joy and pleasure will keep growing.

Clap your hands and say,
"Today is a day of joy.
A beautiful day becomes apparent
Right at the beginning."

Who is in this universe like our beloved?
Who has ever seen a bairam
Like that among the centuries?

Earth and sky are filled with sugar.
Sugar is growing everywhere.

The sound of waves which scatter pearls has come.
Earth is full of waves,
But the sea is hidden, is not seen.

Mohammed has come back from Mirac.²⁹
Jesus has descended from the fourth layer of sky.

Any money which is not from here is counterfeit.
The wine not offered from soul's glass is dirty.

What a nice assembly that is.
Fortune has become the cupbearer.
Friends are Cuneyd and Beyazid.

I was like a drunk to be submitted to someone.
I didn't know God has been surrendered to me.

I have just laid down, stretched my legs
And have fallen asleep,
Because I have learned
That my fortune has drunk wine.



A butcher threw meat in front of a fool.
 The fool saw the big piece of meat
 And thought it was ox meat.

The butcher gave him another leg.
 "This is dead animal meat,"
 Said the fool. "Look. It smells."

God is the only One
 Who causes you to attain wishes.
 Yet, you say, "What is that?"
 Everybody can do that."

When it came to you, it degenerated.
 Since you touched it, it became dirty.


The fool doesn't have either greed or generosity.
 He makes both of them a base for animosity.

You run away from the fool
 At a wedding or mourning, just like Jesus,³¹
 Although God knows better.



29.

Verse 308

 heart, you are sometimes straight,
Sometimes crooked in that house.
O heart, get out.
This house is our house.

You are like the wine,
Sometimes hot, sometimes cold.
Go there where there is neither summer nor winter.

You want to hide me, but I am like morning.
Morning is wide open.

You are the master of water.
You command the river.
But soul doesn't fit in the river,
Because soul is a sea.

You have wings like a bird,
But the one who has arms and wings
Has no fears.

Even dirty water becomes pure and clean
In our creek.
Even the fly becomes a falcon.
The phoenix is in our buttermilk.

Rise, O sun of absence.
Every particle shines like
The star of Pleiades.

Thank God that we jumped out
And are freed by this love
From this narrow space where
The pulpit and cross rule by His love.

Now, go to the bazaar.
Beat the drum and yell, "Joseph is beautiful."

I tear the curtain of honor and pretension,
Because my soul gave up your soul.



30.

Verse 318

This heart of mine once more caught fire.
Let it burn well with flame.
Really, it has caught fire nicely.

Keep burning with this flushing fire.
Don't even breathe,
Because my mind is also covered
With that like a black cloud.

My heart saw this dream once more.
Heart's blood was covering
The surface of the earth.

I have completely disappeared like a shadow
Because the sun came with armies to fill the world.

Every night, my heart attempts to steal
The ruby of the beloved who resembles the sultan.

But how could the one
Who steals goods from a smart enemy, from a thief
Be hidden?

There are so many souls
That keep flying away from their shells,
But a beautiful hero holds his legs.

**This heart keeps pulling his quiver by its teeth
Because of the pleasure of the wound
This arrow has opened.**



31.

Verse 326

What is that scent
That is coming from the tavern again?
What is this uproar, exuberance, this gossip again?

Souls without bodies have filled the earth again.
There is humdrum everywhere in the world.

Come O love, which jar is this wine?
Point out where the tavern is.

What am I saying?
What is the value of pointing here?
Even a thought the size of a hair cannot fit here.

That flimsy shield doesn't come into sight.
Yet, everything that comes to thought is four-folded.

What can I say?
Words that come from thought
Are rotten and decayed.

They come back to the sea of heart
Because of their dirt,
Because heart is a sea, words are like rivers.

But the treasure of pearl is an untrustworthy sea.
Water from the river or well
Is good only for laundry.



32.

Verse 334

᠑ema³² is peace and comfort for the alive.
The one who has Soul in his soul knows that.

The one who has fallen asleep in the rose garden
Wants to wake up.

But the one who is in the dungeon,
He becomes sad when he wakes up.

Sema is performed at the wedding place.
Wailing and crying are for mourning.

A person who doesn't see the treasure he carries
Can't see such a Moon with his eyes.

What could music do to such a person?
What could the tambourine do?
Sema is to join to the heart-catching Beloved.

The ones who turn their faces to Kible
Are in Sema in this world as well as the other,

Especially if there is a Kaaba at the center
Of the one who made a circle by turning Sema.

If you want a handful of sugar, here it is,
And it is free.

But, if you want the mine of sugar,
That's also here.



33.

Verse 343

᠑ema is for the restless soul.
Jump quickly; this is not the place of hesitation.

Don't be consumed by your self thoughts here.
If you are brave, go to the place of the beloved.

Don't say, "For sure I will, after he asks us."
The thirsty one doesn't have this thought.

A moth doesn't think about the fire.
Thought is a shame for the soul who is in love.

The Hero feels thousands of excitements
When he hears the beat of the drum,
Gets ready for attack.

Since you hear the beat of the drum,
Draw you sword,
Because your soul is the sheath of Zulfekaar.³³

Hit your sword.
Conquer the land of love.
Love's sovereignty is endless and permanent.

You are Kerbela's Huseyin.³⁴
Give up the water.
Today, water is a sparkling sword.



34.

Verse 351

You close your eyes. You mean it is time to sleep.
There is no sleep
For the one who has turned into water.

As you know,
We can't wait that long.
Your drunken eyes are rushing.

Torture, your cruelty is kindness.
Make a mistake. Your mistake is correct.

Your fiery eyes would fall asleep.
Our eyes and heart are all burned, roasted.

How many heads took the cupbearer's eyes
With the sword which became a drop of water?

Someone says, "This happens
Because of the cupbearer's love."
Others say, "This is wine's work."

What is wine?
What is the cupbearer?
There is nothing but God.
Where does this love come from?
God only knows.



35.

Verse 358

What kind of wine do you have in your hand?
Even Akl-i kul³⁵ became drunk with that.

Heart is lifting us so high
That there, even the tip of Saturn's spear
Stays in love.

Alas, the one who passes out of himself
At this assembly
Gives up his friends and relatives.

He flies over Kafdag like the phoenix.
Even mountains wear a belt, run to his service.

Alas, unbroken glass
Has wounded thousands of hands and feet.

You are telling me to be patient, to go slowly.
Is it time for patience and slowness?

Offer a glass of wine to that pir³⁶
And have him stand there.
Alas, it is necessary to have the pir here.

If reason becomes the soul
Of all pirs and experiences,
His essence is good and very suitable here.

The whole world is a bouquet of roses
From that endless garden,
That eternal orchard.

Alas, a bouquet of roses fades and withers quickly.
You go to the desert, the desert is saved from that.

Drink the wine with the name of a beauty
Who is very distinguished and very beautiful.

Alas, so much blood stains his neck.
He has pulled and broken
Even the necklace of reason.

The curls of his hair lower the price of musk,
Make it worthless.

Keep silent.
Give me the wine silently,
Because heart unfortunately relays the words.



36.

Verse 371

☪ pir of the tavern, offer a glass.
Don't say, "Tomorrow."
There are dangers in delay.

Offer pharaoh's blood instead of wine,
Because my soul's Moses arrived on the due date.

Our wine is the enemy's blood,
Because the pleasure of the lion is from hunting.

The blood, that stained the lion's paw and mouth,
Came from our blood.

I don't fancy either drink
Or the blood of my essence.
I am drunk with absence, not existence.

He made me a falcon,
I am hunting live prey.
I don't turn around the carcasses like a vulture.

Come, O vulture, try to become a falcon.
Purify from being a vulture
Of the temple of that Purifier.

Afterward, throw away all attributes
That belong to a falcon,
Remove everything in your essence.

What a dirt is that earth.
It is a basin full of blood.
That blood is drained from lovers
And the ones who are dejected.

O rooster, how long will you be declaring
That morning has arrived?
Morning manifests itself
Just like the light comes from the place
Where the lamp is placed.



37.

Verse 381

If Eve knew your lie,
She would sterilize herself because of the shame.

If the darkness of your soul
Were to manifest outside,
All the world would become black.

You are such a snake
That even a stone that is thrown at you
Would be a waste.

O troublemaker, if you were to fall into the water,
Even the aligators wouldn't eat you
Because of your ugliness.

You are telling me:
"Look for the essence, leave the shape of the tiger."

O sneak shape,
What can I say to you?
Meaning won't fit in your tight soul.

The air of Shems of Tembriz is Jerusalem.
You are such a pig
That even a Frenk³⁷ won't accept you.



38.

Verse 387

Our beloved stays with us today.
I will say the words nobody has said before.

Everybody is drunk here.
All of them are confidants.
The informer has fallen asleep.
Don't be scared of anyone.

Eyes are in sleep, spring has awakened.
Trees have blossomed, flowers bloomed.
Don't you see them?

Earth closes its lips.
The rose hides
Even though winter still has one more day.

Come, put this rough body to sleep.
All the pearls of soul are pierced.

Be silent.
You can't find that door even if you offer gold.
But, if you become a confidant, take it.
It is free then.



39.

Verse 393

Who is the doctor of the disease
That has no cure?
Who is the company of this endless journey?

If this is reason,
What is craziness?
If this is love,
Who is the Beloved?

Where is the light
That illuminates the world
That is neither faith nor blasphemy?

The Sea of Absence is filled with pearls.
Which one is the pearl of humanity?

Every one is dressed
With the dress of a slave.
Among these creatures,
Who is the sultan?

There is no health in this world.
Everywhere is sickness.
Where is the office of love's doctor?

Reason is frustrated by thoughts.
Whose head is straight?
Whose head is dizzy?

The beauty of the idolhouse has searched a lot,
But where is the rule of correctness?

Why have you made this gossip your kible?
Let's look at the lesson of silence.



40.

Verse 402

○ Cupbearer, you are the one
Who satisfies the need.
Serve us wine. Make us happy.

I have become so drunk
That I can't separate signs from the words.

My father has pledged me to the wine barrel.
My mother has tied me to the tavern.

God has plugged my ears.
I gave up yesterday,
Freed my self from the worry of tomorrow.
I don't care about the things that have no essence.

The ones who are aware of good and bad
Live in another quarter.
They worship, they judge there.

The one who owns this quarter
Is an immortal sultan.
He is the one who saved us from disaster.



41.

Verse 408

There is hope beyond hopelessness.
The heart's eye is in blindness.

How could you have said that you're blind
If you hadn't experienced the light?

The one who hasn't seen black
Wouldn't know white.

Thousands of forms and meanings
Have been under the secret disposal and control
Of one Sultan.

This Sultan moves them like the wind,
Moves the branches of a silent tree.

Don't fall in despair about getting a reprimand
From the Beloved.
Bairam comes after the difficulties of fasting.

If there is reproach, love is also there.
Every piece is pulled to completion.

Leave words.
Look at the unseen, see it clearly.
That is much better.



42.

Verse 415

○ brother, don't be troubled
Because the teacher is so harsh.
He is also very generous
At the time of rewarding.

That tree has covered half of the garden,
But what's the use?
It has no flower.

He doesn't frown.
He tightens his purse string.
But don't believe him.
He has silver and property.

The rich is on the throne, what's the use?
They tie his hands to wood.

His wealth is like a mountain,
But his generosity has died and decayed,
Fragmented piece by piece.



43.

Verse 420

The sound that comes from the bow string is scary.
The arrow's wound usually comes after that sound.

Watch the one
Who affects on the mirror of his works.
To see only the work is a punishment for the blind.

There are ones who see you
Behind the ones who don't.
Inspiration of the visionaries
Is the reason to look for the searching.

Whatever you have now,
Haven't you searched for it before?
Searches are like pulling ears,
Giving good news.

Be such that your desire keeps growing.
The one who sees a lot has more greed.

Don't fall into desperation
Because of the cruelties you have committed,
Because the sea of kindness accepts repentance.

The rosary changes your sins to prayers.
He has no peer to receive repentance.

Your heart will be broken, be dirt here,
Because kindness will look for the poor person
Wherever he is.

Kindness, with its arms full of gold,
Comes to free the captive.

He gives greatness to everyone,
Especially ordinary ones.

Because wealth looks for poverty,
Alms don't go to the rich.

Everything appears from its opposite.
Between those two opposites,
Hundreds of new things manifest.

If you write on a blackboard with black ink,
The blackboard hides your writing,
Because both of them are as black as tar.

Fresh writing can be identified by its wetness.
Once it dries, it turns into thought in the heart,
Completely hidden.

This could be explained in different ways,
But be silent.
Nature is against multiplication.



44.

Verse 435

That beauty is the peace and comfort of living;
It is this beauty
That will take peace and comfort away.

Your love grabbed my skirt.
It says this love is from that Beloved's love.

I am the one who is burning new flames.
What business do I have with friends?

My heart is restless, keeps crying.
It resembles the soul of the beloved.

A friend hurts you because of friendship.
He doesn't know there is a thorn in your soul.

You are in a river.
A thorn is scratching you,
But you don't know it,
Because the thorn is hidden.

Run away from that thorn.
Go to the rose,
Because Shems of Tebriz is the spring.



45.

Verse 442

I have heard your kindness pray for me.
It did favors for your slave.

O my soul, what could I tell you on returning?
God praises your goodness.

Only the soul of this ordinary servant
Prays to your Moon face every night.



46.

Verse 445

The fear that humans experience
Come from him inside,
Yet, his mind always stays outside.

He constantly tries to appease outside, like Joseph,
But there is a wolf inside of him
Thirsty for his blood.

If he ever saw that ugly wolf;
He would be scared to death.

In fact, that ugliness can be killed with one attack,
But man feels helpless in front of him.

He became *elif*.³⁸
It is necessary to turn him to *nun*,³⁹
Become like *nun*.

If you haven't received God's help, His assistance,
There won't be any decision.

Neither has the world existed, nor humans,
Nor subtle water-color souls.

Yet, command was His.
Sovereignty was His.
Don't think this is a recent event.

I am not saying for nothing that he is the Sultan.
It is truth,
Even hundreds of times more than truth.

The greatness of the master of masters,
Shems of Tebriz, is greater than the sky.

Fate and destiny are a wild unbroken horse,
But become submissive and tame under his legs.

When universal intelligence receives
A smell from Him,
It becomes crazy, insane
With the desire to reach Him.

With His help, mind understands that all great zeal
Is nothing but ordinary.

Where shall I look for His temple?
His place is above time and space.

Difficulties that lions cannot handle
Are nothing but play and games for Him.

I haven't been able to say anything
Or show anything
To help you understand Him, know Him as He is.
These are all empty words.

O Tebriz, my salve is your soil.
There are wondering ingredients in your soil.



47.

Verse 462

Say, O Beloved, what kind of coyness is this?
You have taken a different shape.
What kind of charm is that?

O beautifully colorful Turk,
I wonder what color this is.
O deceitful eyes, what kind of coyness is this?

What is this trap, this bait for us again?
You killed us with coyness.
What is this charm?

You tore our curtain.
What curtain is this?
Open this curtain just once.
What charm is this?

I am such an old lover
That I have fallen in love again.
What charm is this?

It is helal ⁴⁰ to die for this sound.
How nice and orderly is this sound.
What kind of charm is this?

O Muslims, you watch this exuberance.
There is nothing like it.
What charm is this?

Wine, love, my face; all three are instigators.
One of them is secret.
Three instigators: What kind of charm is this?



48.

Verse 470

Just like this heart is drunk
Because of that heart-catcher,
That beloved is also drunk
Because of our pure, clean blood.

He sobers his drunkenness only with my blood.
Heart becomes drunk with that joy.

I am in full blood like dawn every morning,
Because that blood-thirsty charmer
Is drunk every morning.

Don't advise me by saying
That you are the one shedding your own blood.
What can I do?
That grudging beauty's eyes are drunk.

Why does this earth resemble a basin full of blood?
Because the eyes of the cupbearer of secrets
Are drunk.



49.

Verse 475

☪ beauty, how could the dead
Know the value of soul?
How could vultures appreciate summer?

How long will you be embracing strangers?
Come, O soul. How could they know your value?

My beauty, hide yourself from them.
How could the blind appreciate
The beauty of the cypress in the garden?

Walk toward the square by swaying.
Don't stay there.
How could donkeys know where the square is?

You hit your club on our door.
How could the immature
Know the favors of that club?

Leave the ruins to vultures.
How could vultures know the prosperous town?

How could body worshippers
Know the land of heart?
How could the poor
Understand the customs of the sultan?

How could the handless and footless
Handful of peoples
Know Rustem-i Destan? ⁴¹



50.

Verse 483

When night comes, everybody falls asleep.
Everybody plunges into water like fishes.

The eyes of lovers stay open until morning.
They keep looking to that pulpit all night long.

Their friends are in their hearts.
Even their acquaintances pass through,
No concern to them.

Everybody is in grief and sorrow. They suffer.
Lovers keep looking at those curly hairs.

Everybody is worrying about finding reasons.
They give up reasons, like Kalender.⁴²

Who could find the trace of their dust?
They go so fast, like the wind and lightning.

Since you are a bucket,
Keep turning around the water wheel.
They are even higher than the water wheel.

Watch the ones who choose the silver body.
They get a red, red face like unnap.⁴³

**They go to the treasure
Of the one who has everything.
Give favors abundantly with the offer
Of Shems of Tebriz.**



51.

Verse 492

Come, O wise, intelligent man,
Smile to the fool.
Come, O one who knows his way,
Smile to the ogre.

Since you have reached the Sultan
Who doesn't need reason,
Smile to the cause as well as the effect.

If you are overwhelmed with self,
Which is nothing but an inauspicious devil,
Go, smile to the one
Who beats as well as gets beaten.

If one dead dismisses another dead,
Smile to the one who dismisses
And to the one who is dismissed.

Consider the one
Who discharges someone from work.
He is only a wet dream.
Smile to the one who did
And to the one who was done to.

A blind one asked a deaf one.
Smile to the one who asked
And to the one who was asked.

Someone received rank and wealth from another.
Smile to the one who got
As well as to the one who gave.

If you get money in your hand, be silent.
Smile to the one who talks about the past
And to the words that were spoken.



We scattered roses at the spring of Union.

What beautiful ones we are!

What a beautiful pair we are!

May love and certainty be granted to us.

A garden may be grown by your face.

Narcissus bloom.

Your hair smells of musk and ambergris.

I could turn the whole world into saffron's garden

With my face which has become pale like saffron.

A grain at the harvest of your Moon

May be able to put all skies under your control.

You are such a Hizir

That the poor became Alexander the Great

From your Abi hayat.⁴⁵

You are so powerful that impossible things

Become possible for me if you call.

Our eyes are afraid that an evil eye might look at us.

O David, melt the iron.

O heart, turn to yourself, your essence,

Because that beauty can be reached

Only from the secret road in the heart.

Once you come to heart,
A door may be opened,
Even if this six-sided world has no door.

Come to the heart where God looks.
If not, He may.

Our soul has stayed at the bottom
Like sediment, though it may go up.

You got stuck in the sack of self
Because of your stupidity.
If you were not stupid, you would leave this donkey.

O cupbearer, offer the wine so we will be free
From the worries of cold and hot.

Heart may become a jewel even if it is stone now
If love's stone-heart softens.

Bring that red wine to offer us,
The color of the world turns totally green
With that red wine.

Every fragment can become a pigeon
With that wine that has the wings of love.

Heavens can be built.
Kevser's can be flown.
Houris appear with a sip of that wine
Which comes
From the sea of kindness and generosity.

It is necessary to have a shield
From the arrows that come from wine's jar.

Serve wine with big glasses.
Make us drunk.
Only drunkenness gets rid of grief and sorrows.

I have seen that it is possible to turn water into fire
After wine put me in the fire.

O mother of joy, come home.
Souls have been paved under the mother's feet.

You have to cover yourself with glasses
For the ones who are not confidants to you.

Since you have become a lion,
Start hunting lions.
Now you deserve the lion who breaks lines.

Cut the neck of desires with wine,
Because every drop of wine can become a dagger.

Drink after you read the verse from the Koran,
The God waters them,
Because new pleasures can be obtained
From every breath.

Bring the wine even if you don't have a glass.
The mouth can be your glass.

With wine, we are freed
From the captivity of sorrows,
Rid of worries and troubles.



53.

Verse 528

A bouquet of roses
Could be gathered from your face.
A branch of jasmine
Could be pinched from your hair.

A bridge could be built
Over the river of my tears with my body,
Bent with love.

A hoarse-cloth can be woven
By my bloody tears,
Which resemble satin on love's Burak.⁴⁶

A chain could be made
Out of the curls of your divided hair
To put on necks.

O my soul, you are the ocean.
I am only a drop.
But it is possible to make a piece whole.

My heart has been broken into a hundred pieces.
Every piece is yelling.
A nightingale could be made from every part.

You are the *kaf*⁴⁷ of sugar.
I am the *lam*,⁴⁸ bitter cup.
Kaf and lam can become *kul*.⁴⁹

To think about you is like sisterhood for you.
I and my thoughts about you
Have the same grape's residue.
Lots of wine can be made out of that residue.

It is a long way. My soul is on foot,
But soul can be turned into düldül.⁵⁰

Be silent, because it is possible to raise an uproar
With the words that have been said in silence.



54.

Verse 538

One should not stay away from Him
For even one moment.
Only ruins and wrecks come from that distance!

“What could happen?” you say.
“I could come back.”
You would, but only if heart opens its door.

Many think this is easy.
There are so many difficult things
That may look easy.

Why does a difficult thing look easy?
Because fate and accidents
Grab your mind on ambush.

Stay at His temple regardless of your shape,
Because love will be born from that closeness.

Regardless of whether you are clean or dirty,
Don't run away from Him,
Because cleanliness will increase with closeness.

When body embraces
And touches the Beloved's body,
By seeing, Soul also touches His soul
And merges with His soul.

The one who separates or backs down
From the Beloved for even one day
Will fall in such loss and danger
That he will chew his hand for the rest of his life.

How could you try separation?
How could anybody try poison?

Be grass and grow with the water of His longing.
Don't ever think the donkey eats thorns.

Put your head to the threshold like a nail.
This head is not for the sky.



55.

Verse 549

Beside Your love,
Green has nothing to do.
Even if it did,
It is not like the weight I carry.

How ugly is the one who doesn't have love.
How lifeless is the one
Who doesn't have the Beloved.

That man has no other food than food for the body.
He has no other jasmine garden but an earthly one.

The one who leaves the donkey
Because of drunkenness
Doesn't care for the halter
Or worry about the saddle.

When he frees himself from the donkey,
He goes to the thornless rose garden with bare feet.

The donkey is gone.
It carried its robe. Have no pity for him.
He had never valued the donkey anyway.

Don't be fooled by the universe
Which is covered by sky.
It doesn't have even a shirt underneath.

Send another instigator to this town.
Love's period doesn't have rules and regulations.

Tear the curtains,
Because the lover will never be bored or worried
Because of impudence.

Throw these words into the fire
So the person doesn't actually prove your words.



If you make bread out of the wheat
 That grows on my grave and eat it,
 That bread will add
 Drunkenness to your drunkenness.

The dove becomes drunk;
 So does the baker.
 The oven recites verses like a drunk.

If you visit my grave,
 To you, the earth over me
 Will appear to be moving.

Don't come to my grave
 Without a tambourine, my brother.
 It is not proper to be sad at God's assembly.

He has fallen asleep.
 His jaw is tied,
 But his mouth keeps chewing
 The Beloved's opium and appetizers.

If you cut a piece of my shroud
 And put it on your chest,
 A door will be opened
 For you to become the friend of the tavern.

You'll hear the song of drunks from every corner.
For you, a new thing comes from every old one.

God has created me from Love's wine.
Even if death decays me,
I am still the same love.

I am drunkenness.
My essence is love's wine.
Tell me what could be born from wine
Besides drunkenness.

My soul will fly to the sign of Shemseddin's soul
Without a moment of delay.



57.

Verse 569

*L*et me tell you secretly,
So hodja won't feel bad.
That beauty won't fit in any arms.

I broke the scale with drunkenness.
In any case, the scale is unable
To measure the pearl's mine.

Separate all the beauties from him.
The female wolf cannot stay
In the presence of Joseph.

If a Negro acts like a Negro in the land of Rum,
That is because of the blackness of his face.

What is the value of gold chips?
He should bring the gold mine
To the temple of Shems of Tebriz,
Or he should fit in that temple.



58.

Verse 574

There is no dog that doesn't bark or attack.
But our dog doesn't resemble other dogs.

Hear from Mustafa:⁵²

He said, "My Satan became Muslim.
He won't become an infidel again."⁵³

The dog of Ashabi Kehf and the self of clean people
May be at the door, but they are not out of the door.

Ashabi Kehf's dog has no dog disposition.
It appears as a dog on this side
But it is not a dog on that side.

The tree showed the way to Moses that night,
Like a star.
It appeared like fire, but it wasn't.



59.

Verse 579

Reeceb is gone, Shaban has come.⁵⁴
Soul has gone from the body, the Beloved has come.

The time of ignorance and somnolence has gone.
The time of Love and forgiveness has come.

Since rain has come from the cloud of kindness,
Roses and reghan⁵⁵ will grow in the heart now.

Such a sugar has come to the tooth
That had all the sorrow and grief
That one's mouth stays open and starts laughing.

Since that Moon-face beauty came scattering golds,
Now people wear dresses
Decorated with gold like the sun.

Clap your hands. Say, "O love's player!"
The head of instigators came by, dancing.

If yesterday is gone,
Long life for today.
Omer died, but Osman came.⁵⁶

All the past will come back
Since that immortal glory came.

**You fell asleep on Noah's Ark.
You don't care if the flood comes.**

**The ground at Tebriz became shiny like the sky
Because Shemseddin went to that side.**



60.

Verse 589

Apparently my beloved became angry at me.
My heart said, "Alas,
My beloved has a grudge against me."

I have searched hundreds of valleys,
But there is no hope.
The one who could find a cure for my trouble
Has already disappeared.

I ascended to the sky like Satan,
But my sky turned into earth
Because of that trouble.

They are telling me to follow the right direction.
Which direction should I go
Since my right friend has gone?

The beloved is a way,
As well as company on the way.
His face is faith, as well as religion.

Happiness became a friend
To the one who sits under his rose sapling
And stays with him there.

Look for that meaning in my words.
My warm breath is a trap for him.

Because names are the same
For the One who owns them,
Adam saw the truth through the essence of names.

If you want to reach the whole being,
This is the way.

Don't read this treasure map, O my friend,
Because this treasure is buried forever.

How can I cover the sun with mud?
How can you put the earth under a sleeve?

If you are tired of this,
It is too bad.
You are even tired of being human,
That is very clear.

This is like an example of water.
Water is always the same.
When it becomes rough,
It will take the shape of waves.

I hide them behind the curtain of words.
That is necessary for instigators.



61.

Verse 602

One who has nothing but this love
Is full of our pleasure.
He keeps constantly remembering us.

Even if he doesn't have feet,
He runs around the place of wonder
Like a ball.

The person cannot stay
Under the shadow of the phoenix
Unless he frees himself from his own shadow.

The mirror shows every face, every form,
Because it doesn't have a shape and face of its own.

Even if it shows hundreds of thousands of beauties
And so much ugliness,
The mirror has no trouble, no quarrel with them.

The mirror doesn't become an enemy of the ugly.
Neither does it praise beauty.

The mouth which gets hurt from sugar
Is the one that doesn't have teeth.

Heart would fly with amazing wings
If it weren't afraid of his trap.

Go. Run after the sun like the moon and melt.
If you don't melt for Him,
He won't increase your beauty.



62.

Verse 611

What has happened to that beautiful beloved?
Where did that tall, beautiful cypress go?

He was a candle among us, illuminated us.
Where did he go without us, where?

My heart trembles all day long.
Where did that beauty go at midnight?

Take to the roads, ask everyone.
I wonder
Where that company who adds soul to souls
Did go.

I wandered on the plains like the insane ones.
I wonder.
Where did that gazelle go on these roads?

Go to the gardens. Asked the gardeners.
I wonder.
Where did the yellow-red rose go?

Climb to the roof. Ask the watchman.
I wonder.
Where did that peerless sultan go?

Both my eyes turned into rivers by crying.
I wonder.
Where did that pearl go from that sea?

I have been asking the moon and venus all night.

I wonder.

Where did that moon-faced one go?

Since he belongs to us,

Why is he with others?

Since he is not here, where is he?

Since his heart, his sould have reached God,

if he disappeared from this earth and water,

I wonder.

Where did he go?

Don't tell the whole truth,

Because Shems of Tebriz said

That the Sun can't be hidden.

But where did he go?



63.

Verse 623

The way the learned heart runs away from sorrow
Is how sorrow also runs away from us,
But much faster.

Or, are we the law and sorrow the thief
When it sees us run away
From one end to the other?

When love's lion roars,
A heart of sorrow runs away from the lion
Like running prey in the valley.

The naked man doesn't mind the blind,
But runs away from seeing eyes.

I wish to see sorrow.
But sorrow is running away from my wish.

All the world is exhausted because of sorrow.
Why does sorrow run away when it sees me?

When I climb to the top, sorrow goes down.
If I go down, it runs to the top.

I should keep silent.

Maybe sorrow comes to fight with me.

No. I said it wrong.

Sorrow runs away from the silent ones.



64.

Verse 631

My heart wants to hear the sound of the zurna,⁵⁷
A kind of zurna that my Beloved's smell
Will come from its sound.

I want wholeheartedly such a lovely melody
That soul's face and beauty appear in that melody.

I keep crying
Because I have been suffering with grief.
I wonder what will be born
From this crying, wailing soul?

O ney,⁵⁸ tell us about lovers.
Your voice keeps testing the soul.

O my brother, watch and see:
Even the eclipsed moon reappears
With the sound of hitting metal cups.⁵⁹

Read this departure to the heart of the sky
So that fairies will break up in tears.

Wailing is the friend of the patient.
It is not nice to tell him to stop.



65.

Verse 638

I have such a heart
That it doesn't turn around sorrow.
I have such a wine
That it has never been depleted.

I have such a heart
That it has whole attributes of love.
It doesn't hang around anyone but lovers.

I could get a decree
From the master of happiness.
Then that sorrow wouldn't run around
In this universe.

The best and worst of the people
Would drink Hizir's Abi Hayat from then on.
No one would become ridiculed with grief.

Sinners would become devout,
And the devout wouldn't become Bel'am.⁶⁰

Everybody should find a ladder
To the sky of joy and happiness.
Nobody's back would bend
Like the sky with sorrow.

Cheerful Hurrem,⁶¹ Shah of love
Appeared on the heart,
Who hasn't been beautified?
Who hasn't been cheered?
Who hasn't become more happy?

Our name has been honored
By every neighbor
Because of his scattered hair.

You still repent to words.
Even our repentance doesn't stay long
Because of that beauty breaking repentance.



66.

Verse 647

Tell the heart not to turn around grief,
Because grief can't be depleted by eating.

The plant that grows from earth and water
Is always grief.
The wedding of mud is nothing but mourning.

O bird of heart, don't fly around sorrow.
Grief doesn't make your wings stronger.

When heart frees himself from sorrow,
He will gain a new arm and wind,
But he won't fly around this world.

O heart, this lady is your old enemy.
An old enemy
Doesn't become your friend, your uncle.

O heart, stay firm, keep your head up.
Don't get tired.
One easily tired won't be a confidant to secrets.

Be a fish in the sea of meaning.
Have no friend but the beautiful water.

The world is a secret sea.
Nobody but the son of Adam lives there.

If he doesn't fly from animalism to the king,
He can't live in Ab-i hayat, ⁶²
He can't swim in Ab-i hayat.

Be silent. Leave these words,
Because a men of meaning
Don't turn around words.



67.

Verse 657

The hearts that rejoice without you
Resemble the dirt, dust blown by the wind.

They are like domesticated birds
That have come down from the heights.
They are like students without a teacher.

How could a lifeleess idol that you made
Be a sultan who is born from a houris?

A wooden sword can't cause the fear
That comes from the steel sword.

How can you remember the oath you made
When you were a soul?

If you deny it, I will wait
Until the day of the last justice.



68.

Verse 665

Who is going to smile at us besides the beauty
Who ties hundreds of minds with one look?

If it is right for Him,
He amuses Himself with the sky,
Plays with the sun.

O heart, be exuberant like the rough sea.
If the sea were to become calm all the time,
It would smell bad.

Since you are the sun,
Purified from your being;
Death's paw couldn't scratch
Anything but sorrow from you.

Quit this sweet talk.
But how can sugar's mine
Stop producing sugar?



69.

Verse 670

How lucky this soul that chooses a beauty
With which to fall in love.
In fact, the poor don't talk
About anything but him.

You become a smile.
Joy becomes your beloved.
Without joy, nobody smiles.

You do prostration.
Your beloved turns to honor for greatness.
Nobody's head bends
Without the intention of greatness.

You become a voice.
The beloved becomes a cave for you,
Just like the echo in front of the mountain.

You become Friday.
He turns to the time of the sermon,
But not like lonely Saturday after Friday.

At last, read the verse of *We are much closer*
From the Koran.
The eye doesn't move itself unless you move.
Eyes don't see something unless you look at it.

A nice image comes to your perception.
Heart becomes happy.
An ugly image comes,
And heart becomes sad and shy.

Heart is His laughing stock for him.
He hits and chips at it with either a slap or a knife.

Don't slap me even if I make a mistake
Because of my ignorance.
I have already lost my work, my place.

Be silent so that the tongue,
In front of which
Hundreds of Indian's awords⁶³ have perished,
Will start to talk.

But if you tell the ney⁶⁴ to stop,
The ney will answer, "You had
Better tell this to your lips, O brave one."



70.

Verse 581

You have the beloved's disposition
In your heart today.
You have the air of the beauty
Whose face resembles the pomegranate flower.

Even the peacock flies toward that side.
The nightingale sings the songs of that side.

Ney's sounds are subtle points there.
Harps tell so many secrets there.

Wake up early in the morning.
Go there because he has so many lovers like me.

When He uncovers His face,
Protect your heart.
There are so many burning fires on that cheek.

But heart doesn't have much reason
At a time like that.
His lips have made so many hearts drunk.

Don't expect any work from us after you offer wine.
Wine takes all the work and business
Away from man.

My heart came yesterday, swaying.
Wine made his drunkenness obvious.

I ran to his side,
“Did you drink wine?” I asked.
“Aren’t you afraid?”
Mind will deny that.

Then, I smelled his mouth.
I realized that this
Was the fragrance of that fairy-faced one.

It is Shems of Tebriz’s smell
That has the smell of the Creator
That repairs breaks,
The One who is the Master of masters.

There is a big difference
From one smell to the other,
But His smell is entirely different.



71.

Verse 693

The sema of Sufis never comes to an end.
The fire doesn't wet the wood.

Know this very well:
Calamities belong to the body.
Don't clap your hands
Until your feet are above the ground.

Jesus would rejoice and be happy
If his assembly were not filled
With oxen and donkeys.

Why do not our hearts start enjoyment again
At the assembly of union
When all slow, heavy souls have already left.

Isn't that construction made by sun-dried brick?
Neither stone nor brick
Has the charm of that beauty.

The raven's eye can't see Joseph.
The deaf can't hear the sound of the harp.

Neither can every gazelle find musk in the valley,
Nor every jumpy ox have ambergris.

Neither can every ney give the wail of longing,
Nor every bird live in a field of sugar cane.

How can a scared person
Know the beauty of Zuhre?⁶⁵
How can he touch the corner of a carshof?⁶⁶

No one but soul drinks the Soul's wine.
The person who belongs to the body
Cannot obtain that bright, sparkling wine.

Not every cloud can be company to the Moon.
The star is the friend of the star.

Even someone who owns a beloved
Can't find a more beautiful beloved than ours.

Our master, Shemseddin, who is the light of Tebriz,
Can't make anybody a slave and servant like me.



72.

Verse 706

You are so beautiful
That souls cannot stand your beauty.
Mouth cannot handle your sugar.

The world has turned his face hundreds of time,
But worlds cannot stand your beauty,
Your beautiful face.

Souls have gone toward your lover,
But they cannot stand your love.

There is a hidden trace from you in the heart.
It is such beauty that even secrets
Cannot stand in front of it.

Be silent when you come
To the place of soul's union,
Because it is such a union
That it cannot be explained with any language.

It is not nice to get involved with good and bad.
Give this up,
Because He doesn't fit in either one.

Mention the name of Shemseddin of Tebriz
So that this name cannot be described
By words and explanation.



73.

Verse 713

If the world becomes
A land of thorns from end to end,
The heart of the lover is still a rose garden.

If this whirling sky becomes idle,
The world of lovers has work and occupation.

If everybody was engulfed in grief,
The soul of the lover
Is still pleasant, cheerful and playful.

Wherever there is an extinguished candle,
Give it to the lover, because the lover
Has hundreds of thousands of lights.

The lover is not lonely even if he is alone.
He is with his Beloved.

Lover's wine overflows in the heart.
The lover is the friend of love in the land of secrets.

Love is not satisfied
With even hundreds of promises.
In fact, beauties have many deceits.

It is not sad to see a lover sick,
Because his beautiful Beloved
Stands next to his bed.

Ride love's horse.
Don't worry about the road.
Love's horse is very ample.

It carries you to your destination with one jump,
Even if the road is not straight.

The soul of the lover doesn't eat grass.
It is fond of wines.

Shemseddin of Tebriz is the one
Who has a heart that is drunk
At the same time that it is completely sober.



74.

Verse 725

How beautiful was my beloved's face
The day before yesterday!
How nice was my beloved's reproach, his coyness!

I've forgotten all about what had happened to me.
All I remember is that it was beautiful.

I was in the meadow and rose garden,
The land of pleasure
When I was at that assembly, that gathering.

How beautiful was my sober beloved's face
While I was drunk with the glass of love!



75.

Verse 729

My Satan has fallen in love with a fairy
So that he is completely transformed.

Suddenly that beauty flashed like lightning.
Suddenly my Satan saw him, his mind blown,
He became insane, crazy.

The fairy had Solomon's ring.
When my Satan saw it,
He became His servant and slave by heart.

He ascended to the seven layers of sky
When he discovered the secret
Of being the beloved's servant.

He wet his lips with the glass of love's wine
Then, with the dryness of his lips,
He merged with saturated ones.

He became a musteri⁶⁷ for the love of a genie
So that his lowest servant,
Turned into the star of Musteri.

Satan was lifeless, mute.
The genie's love gave life to him.
He became like Samiri's⁶⁸ ox.

All the troubles and sorrows of love
Became as sweet as his mother's milk.

He didn't have the strength, the power
To endure the suffering of love's pain.
These powers came to him from that fairy.

In order to complain about his separation
And tell of his situation,
He went to the temple
Of the Master of masters, Shemseddin

When he arrived in His presence,
He kissed the ground,
Then started flying with angels.

He keeps turning around Tebriz
With that drunkenness,
Because the disbelief in his soul
Is all gone.



76.

Verse 741

The Master of masters who has secrets,
The beautiful sun of bright suns!

With the love of your beauty,
All moon-faced beauties
Keep turning like the whirling sky.

You have played such a game with your beauty
That the hands of mind are tied.
Mind has become helpless.

The fountain of life sprang up
Because of the fire of your love.
O beloved, is His fire better than His water?

Rose gardens have been grown with that fire.
Earth-full hearts have been crying
Because of those rose gardens.

With every breath, they become fresher
Because of the cries for those roses,
Not the roses that will wither after awhile.

Nobody can hide his love.
Your love doesn't deserve us.
It is bashful, yet this is what it is.

Your separation is like a cave full of fire.
I wonder, would that be a day
That I would stick my head out of this cave?

Curtains has been drawn from your denials.
Don't ever attempt to deny that beauty.

You used to see the face of Joseph like a wolf.
Greed's curtain was the one
That showed that face to you this way.

Envy and jealousy come from man's body.
Be an angel; give up human shape.

Those seeds of grudges are the food of self.
If you saw them, naturally they would grow.

The oxen can't sing like a nightingale.
The sober mind doesn't understand
The pleasures of drunkenness.

Neither will the charms
Of the beautiful face of Joseph
Be born from the wolf,
Nor will a peacock lay snake's eggs.

This pickpocket self keeps stealing life
By saying "tomorrow, day after tomorrow."

All your life is only today, not another day.
Don't believe the promise of this cheater.

Separate yourself from being.
Wear the service belt
So that you'll stay away
From that strange existence.

You turned your face to Bulgar's beauty
While you are on namaz.
How do you expect this namaz to be accepted?

If you want musk,
Go where the Tartar's gazelle is pastured.

Haven't you noticed the changes of earth and sky,
The transformation of their appearances?

Who is going to see your beautiful essence
After you become dust,
Not being helped by sufferers?

You become degraded at the circle of the graceful
As long as you serve your self's donkey.

If you want to get lots of wealth and properties
In the land of immortality free of charge,

Drink the glass which is offered
By God's and faith's Shems.
Take that glass which destroys the mind
And drink.

He is immortal, the Master of masters.
Nobody would deny his greatness.

Even the virgin's houris in paradise
Lose their virginity when they see
The beauty of his soul.

If God's curtain of jealousy didn't cover him
From place and the ones in place,

Earth, stone, air and fire
Would turn into soul
And start running around like a drunk.

If a light were reflected from his beauty
To the bazaar of lovers and beauties,
The whole bazaar would be burned to ashes.

If you consider two worlds,
Two beings are like two villages.
Think what the village would be
If he were to become the chief of that village.

The angel Gabriel was kissing his feet,
Then a voice came, saying,
"Don't hurt his feet."

How stupid is that person
That says these words to praise him.

For the sake of that real lion
Who has hunted my heart in such a way,

He would send news for us from Tebriz.
That is all of our plea.



77.

Verse 775

Yesterday, that deceitful beauty said to me,
“A dog with love is much better
Than sensible, rational lions.”

Haven't you heard
That the world is filled by the story of Ashabi Kahf
And the dog who accompanied them into the cave?

Naturally, the dog
Who goes to hunt partridge and quail for the sultan
Is closer to the sultan than others,

Especially the One who hunts for no one
But the selected Sultan.

Even the lions of the sky prostrate
In front of such a dog
And kiss its feet with their clean mouths.

Don't just talk all the time.
Drink wine one moment, talk the next.
Do alternate them,

Just like the musician
Who is seated at the assembly
Plays music sometimes and drinks wine other times.

The ones who get bored start moving around.
They constantly struggle and limp helplessly.

Shake the end of the chain.
Irritate them so that they all go crazy.

When that beauty who is loyal to nobody
Comes with a smile,
All the bored ones become new and fresh again.

O my neighbor, O my neighbor, O my neighbor,
I become the peer of drunkenness.
Reach me with glasses.

Don't serve me wine with small glasses.
Today is the day of kindness and generosity.

Fight with greed on the way of generosity.
Fight, so that your trace, your way will remain
And be followed here.

Say that we did send rain.
We are the rain.
It is neither water nor fire.

Especially as he is the witness to me,
I fall in love and travel through countries.

Be purified. Drink.
Be drunk, O my people,
Because I am generous
To crush grapes and offer wine.

**The madness of madness inside of madness
Relieves your guilt and your burden.**

**You are the desire of everything and everybody,
O Shems of Tebriz.**

You are the essence and owner of the world.



78.

Verse 792

There won't be any beloved besides your beauty.
Come and rise once more, O Moon of beauties.

I wish I didn't do anything else in this world
But watch your face.

If there were another pickpocket like you,
He would steal something from your beauty.

What a sea this is that you filled with pearls.
Every drop of it becomes a new storehouse.

There are two insane ones in one house.
One of them is me; the other is my broken heart.

My God, you give health to both of them.
But this health resembles another health.

How does the one who denies know that?
He did not have this point of view.

The disbeliever said, "Here is Senai."⁶⁹
But Senai said, "No. He is in the other sack."

Don't look in that sack like a donkey.
Open your eyes and look at it as Jesus would.



79.

Verse 801

Cupbearer, offer the other glass.
Give a different peace and comfort
To my soul.

For your soul's sake, take care of me today.
I have no patience to wait for other days.

If you have any pity for me,
Don't postpone our meeting until later.

Save me. Save me.
I have fallen deep in another's trap.

If you close the door on me today,
I will fall from a different roof every moment.

Don't leave me to the hand of thought,
Because mind is another bloodthirsty one.

Cupbearer, if you don't offer me
This young wine with that glass,
Hundreds of immature people
Will keep bothering me.

I am in debt, so take this mantle
And pawn it for another loan.

Change my name to the servant-slave
Of old wine drunks.
My God, I don't want any other name and fame.



80.

Verse 810

O beautiful, I have never grown tired of you,
But I have had enough separation.

I see you are pleased to see me
Submerged in grief.
Since the situation is like that,
How can this lover be satisfied by sorrow?

How drunk, how blood-thirsty is this heart
That my eyes stay wet and full of tears?

If you are tired of this world,
Come to me.
Nobody will be tired of my world.

I have seen
That there is no separation among the lovers.
My heart is tired of separation,
Tired of saying, "No. Impossible."

You are the last trumpet to souls.
I am not tired of your low-high pitched notes.
Blow. Blow.

Since the smell of your soul's glass
Has affected me so much O beauty,
I am full of Cem's glass.

This madness increases
From one breath to the other.
The one who is not satisfied
By either wealth or poverty is greedy.

When I saw his bowl, his cup,
Then I accepted this upside-down cup.

The specter of Shems of Tebriz came
With love of the mole on his cheek.
I became satiated by sorrow.



81.

Verse 820

You start again turning around the troublemaker.
You are at the edge of the roof,
You are also drunk. Be careful.

Where shall I turn?
Say another place.
Where is the other place?
There is no one but God at home.

A painting only turns around
At the tip of the painter's brush.
The leg of the compass turns around the point.

Heart and soul won't be lost as long as you are here.
When there is a head, the turban comes for sure.

Heart is like a sparrow caught by the falcon,
Fallen into God's hand.

Because of his beak, the sky is full of holes.
Because of his paws, a slower creature gets nimble.

Leave these words.
Just say, "The sultan who serves wine to the poor
Has come."

Say that "They have cut
The neck of sorrows and thoughts.
Now it is the time of union, favors and grace."

O caravan master, have camels settle down.
Where is a better pasture than here?

Since guests have reached this glory,
"O treasurer, open up the door of treasure."

You thought there is no morning
To the night of one who lounges.
Don't even think that anymore.

Be silent so our silent one will talk.
He is the Sultan, essence of words.



82.

Verse 831

If you start tormenting again, remember this,
You didn't do what you said you would.
You didn't keep your word.
Remember this.

Didn't you say,
"I will be with you until resurrection?"
Now you've become a master of cruelty.
Remember this.

You left me sleepless in the dark of night.
You went to sleep.
Remember this.

Didn't you say,
"I will be like a thorn to the enemy?"
Now you've become a rose for him.
Remember this.

You were whispering something in the enemy's ear.
When you saw me, you tried to hide.
Remember this.

I tried to hold onto your shirt.
You pulled away and left.
Remember this.

I was reproaching you gently,
Yet, you were insulting me.
Remember this.

You have fallen down so many times.
I have been the one to lift you up.
You may fall again.
Remember this.



83.

Verse 839

I would be disgusted myself
If this servant hurt you.

O pleasant, beautiful friend,
Heart and soul for me
Are to be sacrificed for you.

Your feelings were hurt.
You don't talk about that.
But I feel this down deep in my heart.

How could I not know
When my spring has passed away
And the rose garden in my heart
Has filled with thorns?

O charmer to whom the soul prostrates,
My guilt is also prostrating to your kindness
By saying, "Don't do it. Don't do it."

Your kindness says to guilt,
"How come?"
And the guilt answers,
"Forgive this time. Forgive this time."

The body that doesn't turn into dust for you
May become the basket of the snake charmer.
The soul that doesn't change into dust for you
May become the snake.

You are the sun, you want day's bird.
There is no permission for night's bird.

O beloved, how terrible for night's bird
If you remove the night from the world.

For the sake of your goodness,
Your kindness is a world itself.
Even this whirling sky would be lost there.

Neither the plain nor sea appears
To the eyes of soul there.
There is neither denial nor acceptance
There in that world.

The one who is separated from you
Falls into poverty.
Stretch your arms, reach him, save him.

I haven't been separated
From Shems of Tebriz by my own will.
How could a man with sound mind drink poison?



84.

Verse 852

This winter, when it is raining,
 Love is in the head,
 The beloved is on the arm.
 How beautiful this living is.

The beloved is on the arm,
 But what a beloved,
 Nice, pleasant, beautiful, agile and very young.

We would run to his quarters to him
 In this cold winter.
 No mother could give birth
 To someone like him.

We kiss lips when it is snowing.
 Sugar and snow will give freshness to the heart.

I lost my control, my strength and my power.
 They are all gone.
 They took me away from myself
 And brought another self.

When his specter suddenly comes to heart,
 Allah-u-Ekber,⁷⁰ heart will get up from its place
 And disappear.



85.

Verse 858

Good fortune made me smile
With the clouds.
Which caused me to cry in the end.

The wing of heart's bird
Was tied for some time.
He gave arms and wings
To make him fly in the end.

What a beautiful garden
That caused me to cry first
And made me smile in the end.

What beautiful help he gave to Muslims!
What a pleasant province
That he took back in the end!

He rolled the golden ball to this square
With the club of loyalty in the end.

Mars opened it belt
And dropped all its arms in the end.

The sky is smiling
Because God saved the earth from fear.



86.

Verse 865

Don't leave me like that, without a friend.
Don't give up on me.
Don't leave me. Don't leave me.

Slave and servant soul came to ask for mercy.
Don't leave me alone with merciless separation.

You are the doctor,
Even the Jesus of our time.
Don't go. Don't leave us sick like that.

You said, "I am your cave's friend."
Don't leave me lonely in the cave.

One night's separation
Doesn't look like too much for you,
But you ask me about it.
Don't leave me for too long.

Even if it is a little bit,
Don't put fire on my heart.
A little bit of fire is still something.
Don't leave me alone.

My heart is finished, gone.
But listen to me once more.
Don't leave me this time.



87.

Verse 872

*L*ook at the cupbearer.
Don't see the drunk.
Look at Joseph.
Don't look at others.

O soul who has been caught in the hook of body,
Look at the fisherman.
Don't see the fishing hook.

In the beginning, you were the same origin.
Look at that origin.
Don't see this display.

Look at this endless rose garden.
Don't look at this thorn which hurts your feet.

Don't bother looking at the raven
Which flew away from your hand.
Look at that stately bird
Which casts a shadow on you.

Ascend to the sky like the cypress,
Like the ear of corn.
Don't look down like violets.

Since Abi-hayat ⁷¹ started flowing
In your creek,
Don't look at the broken jar and pitcher.

Give your essence to the One
Who created essence and drunkenness.
Don't cry for poverty.
Don't look at wealth.

Contentment, watch and see,
Is a fast moving brave.
Don't look at the pregnant bitch's greed.

Look at the purified ones.
They run up to the sky.
Don't look at the sediment
That has fallen to the bottom.

Look at the world full of divine features.
Don't look at the form which closes your way.

Don't look at the owl which escapes from its trap.
Look at the beautiful birds who are in love's trap.

There is another one who speaks
Better than you at the trap.
He keeps silent now.
But don't be fooled by his silence.



Verse 885

Really, the morning breeze came and gave
The good news about blooming flowers.

He left a dress of truth as a gift for me.
I didn't have this before.

I have been burned in such a fire
By separation.
Don't ask me what kind of fire this is.

Can't you hear the sound of this burned heart
Saying, "Stay away from me. Stay away?"

I haven't enjoyed the pleasures
Of all my past suffering.
That is the treachery
Of the bloodthirsty, cruel time.

If I became annihilated because of you,
I came back to life because of you.
You are only my neighbor.

I fell in the stomach of the fish like Jonah
And settled there.
But when love came, they broke my backbone.

O my friend, look at my face.
If you know how to read,
You can see and read
The description of love on my face.



89.

Verse 893

Today I am so drunk that I jumped out of the circle,
And went beyond the boundary.

Today there is such a thing
That it doesn't even come to mind.
I am that thing. I am that today.

I am at such lower ground in appearance,
But I reached the sky with my soul today.

I grabbed the ear of mind.
"O mind," I said, "Get out because
I am saved from you today."

Wash your hands from me O mind.
I reached Mecnum today.

Joseph gave me an orange in my hand.
I cut both my hands today.

That full wine kettle
Changed me to such a shape.
I broke so many jars today.

I don't know where I am,
But the place where I stand
Is a very happy place today.

That glory came to my door, swaying and coy.
But I was so drunk, I closed the door
On his face today.

When he turned and walked away, I ran behind.
I didn't stop for one moment today.

I learned the secret of,
We are closer to him than himself.
So that I worship myself today.

O Shams of Tebriz, don't knit those hairs,
Because I am on this hook like a fish today.



90.

Verse 905

Today I am such a drunk,
Such a drunk
That I cannot differentiate
The meaning of *piruz*⁷³ from *piruze*.⁷⁴

Every road direction
Is necessary for the sober one.
But on this way, Mecnun is the only guide.

If Mecnun were alive,
He would learn of unseen craziness from me.

If you want to be crazy, insane,
Sew the picture on your dress.

Abraham was talking to fire that day,
“If there is a hair left of me, burn me.”

The fire answered, “O my sultan,
I would extinguish in front of you.
You fire up and enlighten everywhere.”

Heaven and hell are your two slaves.
You are protected by everything but God.

Take this wine from God one after the other.
Nobody’s mouth can touch this wine
Except the mouth of a lovers.

Give health to the ills of the world.
You are neither Mehmuz nor Malul⁷⁵ with health.

Soul understands even unspoken words.
Never mind secret, half-covered words.

Don't talk about the disposition of Shams of Tebriz.
Be silent. It is a better treasure that stays secret.



91.

Verse 916

Such a winter day! You have our mind today.
You want fun and pleasure today.

You are the sun, we are the particles.
You made us headless and footless today.

You make us ascend to the fourth level
Of the sky like Jesus,
Put us next to the sun today.

O heart, let hundreds of springs flow from rock.
You keep your promises, offering many gifts today.

You have made a ladder from God's compassion,
Want to ascend to the heights today.

What an invitation to be a guest!
How great to be entertained by the great sky today!

There is fried fish in front of everybody.
But you have a sea in that fish today.

Whoever has seen a sea inside of a fish?
You have so many amazing things today.



92.

Verse 924

Come. I have something to do with you today.
I have fallen in the fancy of the rose garden today.

O my Beloved who catches my heart, come.
It is a day of favor and kindness today.

My heart is tearing all its dresses.
Today is the day of union with the Beloved.

Make our soul smile today
With your face full of roses
And pomegranate flowers.

Do you know why souls become drunk
When they see those lips?
There are so many sugars on those lips today.

The sounds of parrots are everywhere.
Sugar is all over the place today.



93.

Verse 930

Don't try to teach the Sheik's eye how to see right.
Don't try to teach the firmament how to turn right.

Don't think the rose made up those *ids* and *bids*.
Don't try to teach the rose how to be kind,
How to be beautiful and how to smile.

Open your eyes and see the Moonlight.
Don't try to teach the Moon how to shine.

Try to protect your mind from wine.
Don't try to teach wine how to snatch mind.

Teach the mind's falcon how to hunt,
Not to fly aimlessly in the sky.

Make orphans of separation's smile,
Don't teach them how to cry.

Save the innocent heart from fear.
Don't teach them how to tremble.

Don't give the tyrant a chance by compromise.
Don't teach the obstinate obstinancy.

Keep the tongue in secret like the heart.
Don't teach him how to tear curtains.

You open this head's eye for meaning.
Don't teach it to collect words like an ear.



94.

Verse 940

Look at us. Take a look at this side.
If there is a chance, give us a kiss.

Since you wanted to do a good deed, do it.
Throw a rose to this slave from that rose garden.

If you want to have your profit
Increase day by day,
Concentrate on our work, hold us tightly.

If you instigate trouble,
Do whatever you want, quit being reasonable.
Go another way.

Turn the cypress upside-down like a violet.
Blame the iris for the sin of the bud.

All the trees in the garden
Move their branches with your wind.
Today, they all grow with your essence.

Small branches move more.
Throw your fruit to those branches.

Thorns give a shield to the rose.
Iris comes as an enemy.
Throw a dagger at it.

Open your silver chest to lovers.
Give a handful of gold to those who are broke.

Rise, Sultan Shemseddin of Tebriz.
Give a startling light to a star.



95.

Verse 950

You also have the same idea this winter day.
Your heart is pleasant and full of pleasure.
You are on an outing today.

Don't postpone the time of joy until tomorrow.
Since all the conditions of joy are here,
Enjoy it today.

Cast your shadow on our face.
Your face resembles the sun today.

Make us a guest of that tavern.
You have a friend there today.

Take off the cover from his rosy face.
You have a Humeyra⁷⁶ behind the curtain today.

Wreck the boat of thought.
You have a palm-like sea today.

Take your head from Ayin, Shin and Kaf,⁷⁷
Because you have a hundred names.
Beyond them today.

Be silent.
Don't blow the ney of words.
You have corn and sugar cane today.



96.

Verse 958

☉ crying candle, burn to the end.
The time for salvation is near.
The sun is about to rise.

The candle which makes the chain of darkness
Happy and enlightened,
The light that saves candles is about to rise.

Cruelty is hidden in the darkness.
When Elif has hemze,⁷⁸ it disappears.

The sun is the one who interprets the dream.
Haven't you heard the secret words in the dream?

This is the way light talks and explains.
It has no lips, no sound and no mouth.

O my friend, slip off of the cloud of body
Like the Moon.
Learn hundreds of elixirs from the sun.

That's why both the new Moon and full Moon
Keep running behind the sun like a hound.

Since you have seen how the sun tears curtains,
Sew lips together from tearing curtains.⁷⁹

Be silent.

That lion of lions is the light of meaning.

The raven lost the cheese because

It opened its mouth for words.⁸⁰



97.

Verse 967

I can't see the Beauty.
I have been searching full heartily
Among these people.

He is not among the ones here.
Where did he go?
I don't see his trace at this gathering.

I am looking everywhere, in every corner.
I can't see a trace of his rose garden.

O Muslims, I used to see him
Like a candle in the middle.
Where did that famous beauty go?

Mention his name.
Whoever calls his name at the time of death,
That person's mouth becomes sweet.

How lucky is the one who has kissed his hand.
His bones won't rot in the grave.

Am I to be grateful to God
Because I saw his face or his manners?
Earth will never see his peer again.

It is not that earth can't find him.
Even the sky turns with his love.

Say the names of Shams of Tebriz.
Don't hide them from the ears
Of the ones who are full of longing.



98.

Verse 975

I have followed him like crazy,
But he didn't ask me anything, kept silent.

I looked at him and tried to say,
"You didn't see my Moon face yesterday,
Didn't ask how I was."

My beloved looked down.
He meant to be like earth,
Pass out of yourself.

I prostrated and kissed the ground.
I meant to say, "I am like the ground,
Drunk and out of myself."

What a beautiful time!
How nice the one who talks in silence!
What a cupbearer, an immortal man!
What a nice drink!

You are drunk.
At the same time, you are the cupbearer of drunks.
Adorn the assembly.
Lift the veil off your face.

If the earth, which is decorated with ornaments,
Didn't drink wine,
How would these trees bloom with flowers?⁹⁸¹



99.

Verse 982

Look for his attributes in deep darkness,
Because light and darkness disappear in his zat.⁸²

You find the fountain of life in that darkness,
But His fountain of life
Can't be found in every darkness.

So many hearts reach there with lightning,
But it is hard to stay there.

How lucky is that happy-faced pawn
Who is pushed by the king to checkmate
Every moment.

Some hearts would break like sugar cane,
But they are not matured.
They don't have sugar.

He wore the dress of absence by himself.
He gave the alms from his ruby.

If you see that his face is not turned to kible,
It is because the place he makes namaz
Is in Kaabe.⁸³

He is the night of Kadir,⁸⁴ find him.
If you read his order, you will find mercy.

The life of the lover keeps crying
For deprivation from death
Because of separation of the Master of masters,
Shams of Tebriz.



100.

Verse 991

Ƒate and destiny have come.
Hear the sound of their drum.
Let's see if this sound is worse
Than the pain of its arrow's wound.

Since the nanny of this world
Became greedy about giving milk,
The last drop of milk
Got stuck in his throat like honey.

How lucky is the infant
Whose wisdom teeth come out!
He is free from the nanny,
From the milk and indigestion of that milk.

Good news that comes from the secret world
Becomes his nutrient.
The one who gives good news saves him from milk.

He receives love's inspiration from every moment.
What does he care for Munker or Nekir? ⁸⁵

Since that sun has cast its shadow on him,
He doesn't care about hell and the winter of hell.

His soul is rejuvenated by the new kingdom.
That old firmament would never hurt his faith.

Since he has settled down in the land of Mercy,
He is saved from the traps and squabbles of destiny.

Worry and trouble
About the costs of rooms, furniture and mats
Bother you. Leave this old inn, O heart.

Gifts are thrown to him from Heaven's Ridvan.⁸⁶
The bright, full moon takes him in its arms.

His clean eyes see beautiful scenes.
His poor body finds happiness.

He would be blessed at the garden of eternity.
He would be happy at the place where he arrived.



101.

Verse 1003

Don't leave me idle, without work and occupation,
For even one moment.

The one who is out of work
Suffers with worry and troubles.

Anxiety and worry torments the one
Who is out of work.

My friend, I wish nobody
Would become unemployed.

The Kalender⁸⁷ may look idle outside,
But he is occupied with secret works.

First, he suffered from the troubles of the thorn,
But in the end,
Everything turned into a rose for him.
He doesn't care about thorns anymore.

Just like an ant carries grain to his cellers,
In the end it becomes Solomon
And gives up the grainary.

He resembles the sea.
He is busy and at the same time, idle.
They harvest everything from the sea.
Yet, the sea doesn't care.

The Kalender has boarded the ship as a drunk.
He is on a journey but has given up walking.

In this confusion, you see so many others.
They have given up the ship as well as the sea.

Also, there are so many idiots.
They are afraid of the sea.
Become drunk just by remembering the sea.



This is the end
of the first third of

Hezec Musseddes-i Mahzuf

Notes

1. Ulker: The star of Pleiades.
2. ...From your roof: "Hidden things become obvious."
3. ...No use: Reference to the sun and moon.
4. Pir: Founder of an order of dervishes.
5. Be: Arabic Kun - written *Kaf* and *Nun*. Koran II-117, XIX-35, XXXVI-83, XL-68.
6. Mustafa: The Prophet Mohammed.
7. Palace: Six directions.
8. West: Sign of the Apocalypse.
9. Pools: Reference to Solomon.
10. Azer: Koran VI-74.
11. Samiri: When Moses went to Mt. Sinai, someone named Samiri cast a spell on the people. A golden ox was made from the people's jewelry and they worshipped that.
12. Cafer: Son of Ebu Talip, brother of Ali.
13. Verses 1-3 are in Arabic and from one of the poems of Mutenebbi, verses 1-6-29, Divan Abi't Tayyib-il Mutanabbi (d. 915). Also called the false prophethood.
14. This poem is very similar to gazel 12. Because of the difference on the person's record (Katib-i Esrar), it became two.
15. Nazire: Poem written to resemble another poem in form and subject.
16. Ahmed-i Muhtar: The Prophet Mohammed.
17. This gazel is in Arabic except for the first line of the last verse.
18. Nesr-i tair: Vulture, also a star in the western sky.
19. Ca'fer-i Tayyar: Brother of Caliph Ali.
20. Ilyas: The prophet who drank from the fountain of life and became immortal.
21. Unnap: Jujube tree.
22. Ab-i Hayat: The fountain of life.
23. Tartar's Nafe: Mongol's musk.
24. Zir: Top string of a lute.
25. Haram: Religiously forbidden.
26. Sadberk's rose: A kind of rose that has hundreds of petals.
27. Zunnar: Rope girdle worn by Christians.
28. Gusul: Ritual ablution bath for ritual washing.
29. Mirac: The Prophet Mohammed's ascent to the sky.
30. This poem is a form of Mesnevi.
31. Jesus: Ref: Mesnevi V-II-III. The story about Jesus and the fool.
32. Sema: Whirling dance performed by the Mevlevi dervishes.
33. Zulfekaar: Famous sword.

34. Ali Huseyin: 625-680. The second son. He was the third Calif, martyred at Kerbala (a place in Iraq).
35. Akl-i kul: Universal intelligence.
36. Pir: Founder of an order of dervishes.
37. Frenk: Common name given to crusader.
38. Elif: First letter of the Arabic alphabet (rigid, inflexible).
39. Nun: Twenty-fifth letter of the Arabic alphabet (bending, flexible).
40. Helal: Religiously permissible.
41. Rustem-i Destan: Hero, known for his strength in Indo-Persian mythology.
42. Kalender: A branch of Sufi. A saintly, holy man.
43. Unnop: Botanical term. Jujube.
44. The 1st, 7th, 13th, 19th and last verse of this poem are in Arabic.
45. Abi hayat: Water of life.
46. Burak: White horse on the Prophet's ascent to heaven.
47. Kaf: Arabic letter *k*.
48. Lam: Arabic letter *l*.
49. Kul: Arabic word, *say*.
50. Döldül: The white mule given to the Prophet as a gift from the Egyptian king, Mukavkis. The Prophet donated it to Calif Ali.
51. This poem is inscribed on Mevlana's sarcophagus.
52. Mustafa: The Prophet Mohammed.
53. ...Infidel again: Khadis-Muslim, verse VII p. 139.
54. Receb and Shaban: Lunar Muslim calendar. Eighth month is Receb, 9th is Shaban.
55. Reyhan: Special rose.
56. Omer, Osman: The second and third Caliphs.
57. Zurna: A kind of shrill pipe.
58. Ney: A reed flute.
59. ...Cups: An old custom. Hitting metal cups to scare demons which cause the moon eclipse.
60. Bel'am: A contemporary of Moses. He was devout at first, but he prayed against Moses. His tongue swelled and stuck out of his mouth.
61. Hurrem: Not a particular person's name; used here for cheerfulness.
62. Ab-i hayat: Water of life.
63. Indian's sword: They were famous for their quality.
64. Ney: Reed flute.
65. Zuhre: The planet Venus.
66. Carshof: women's outdoor garment.
67. Musteri: Client customer; also star of Jupiter.
68. Samiri: Name of person who, after Moses went to Mt. Sinai, gathered jewels of the Jews and made an ox for them to worship.
69. Senai: A famous Sufi who died in 1131.

70. Allah-u-Ekber: God is great.
71. Abi-hayat: The water of life.
72. This poem is in Arabic.
73. Piruz: Lucky, auspicious.
74. Piruze: Turquoise.
75. Mehmuuz, Malul: Invalid. Arabic language grammar. Different pronunciation of the words.
76. Humeyra: Woman with white-pink reflection. It was said the Prophet called his wife Aysha with this name. (Ahadis-i Mesnevi, p.20.)
77. Ayin, Shin, Kaf: Arabic alphabet. Together they make Ash-love. In love there are the lover, beloved, love - too many. If lover is annihilated in love, lover and beloved become one.
78. Elif, hemze: In Arabic Elif is not pronounced if it is connected with another word.
79. This verse is from the Divan at Istanbul University.
80. This is the Konya version of the same verse.
81. The last three verses are not in the Divan in Konya version. They are in the Divan in Istanbul University.
82. Zat: Essence.
83. Kaabe: Every direction in Kaabe is Kible.
84. Kadir: Night the Koran came. Koran XCII.
85. Munker, Nekir: Names of two angels who question the dead.
86. Ridvan: The angel at the door of heaven.
87. Kalender: A sufi sect belonging to Melamet, usually wandering dervishes who shave their hair, beard and mustasche.

archegos

Sufism, Poetry

The Ohio State University



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THE OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY BOOK DEPOSITORY



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God has created me from Love's wine.
Even if death decays me,
I am still the same love.

I am drunkenness.
My essence is love's wine.
Tell me what could be born from wine
Besides drunkenness.

Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi

Divân-i Kebîr Volume 17

Gazel 56, Verse 566-567